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The Bystander

Viscount Bledisloe Farms for Victory

At Lydney Park, overlooking the Severn, Lord Bledisloe runs a large poultry, cattle and dairy farm. He gets some 350 dozen eggs a week from his hens, and large quantities of cheese are made in the model dairy. Lord Bledisloe has long been a keen and knowledgeable agriculturist and breeder of cattle and pigs, has been president of innumerable agricultural organisations, including the Agricultural Section of the British Association, was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture from 1924 to 1928, and has published several papers on farming matters. In 1930 he went to New Zealand for five years as Governor-General. In September last he offered his Gloucestershire home to the New Zealand Government as a hospital or convalescent centre for their troops. Lord Bledisloe has two sons, the Hon. Ben and the Hon. Hiley Bathurst, both well known in peace days in the wintersports world

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE new Government is working with a lightning rapidity which is cheering and encouraging to the entire nation. The new Ministers have lost incredibly little time in getting to work, and getting to work in the grand manner. Lord Beaverbrook, for instance, has flung his dynamic personality into the business of aircraft production. His appeal for garage mechanics met with an enormous response at once. He followed it up instantly with an appeal for a twenty-four-hour day and a seven-day week in the aircraft factories. He followed that up again with a characteristic touch when he asked any manufacturer who found himself in any difficulty to send him a personal telegram.

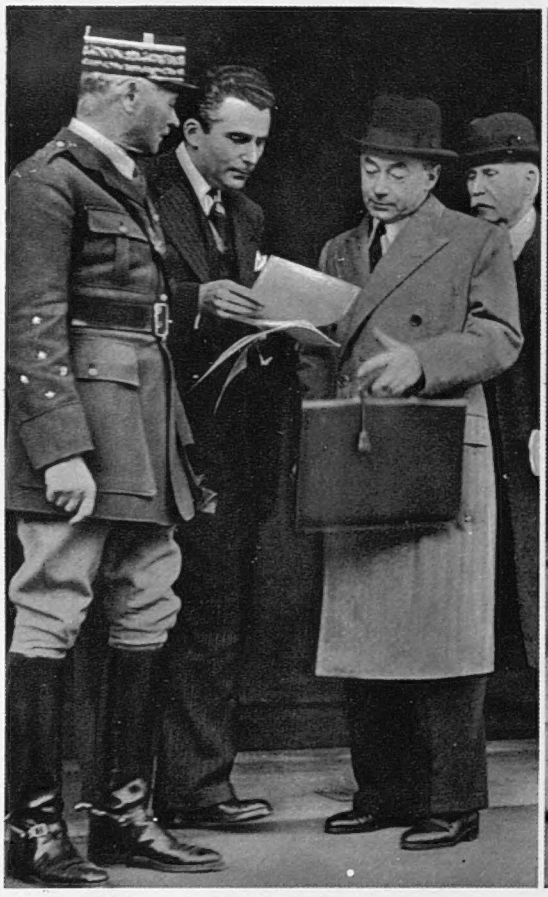
MR. ERNEST BEVIN, the Trade Union Leader, now Minister of Labour, lost no time either, and his appeal at Cardiff to the workers made most stirring reading. If ever a man was in the right job in a crisis, it is Mr. Bevin. Mr. Herbert Morrison, too, made a very fine broadcast the other night, appealing for the maximum drive and energy and loyalty in the production of arms. Mr. Eden's hastily improvised Army of Parashooters grew to formidable size in twenty-four hours, and so the story goes on throughout the Ministries.

THERE seems to be some misapprehension, by the way, about the parashooters. They are not, of course, to be regarded as a first line of defence against an invasion. They are to be auxiliaries behind our first line of defence. While the trained troops are occupying the front positions, the parashooters will be vigilant against the descent from the skies, thus relieving the trained men for front-line duties. Membership of the Parashooting Corps does not carry exemption from other more important duties as they may arise.

THERE cannot have been a single man or woman in the country who did not breathe a sigh of relief at the announcement by the Government of the hundred-per-cent. mobilisation of the British people. Up to now, there have been far too many people wandering about vainly trying to find some way in which to help the nation in the crisis. Now things are simple for them. They are to go on with their ordinary day's work until they are ordered by the Government to do something else. And there is to be no gap in the general mobilisation. Persons and property are to be treated alike. The country at last is on a total basis behind leaders whom it can trust to put drive and energy and confidence into the common cause.

AND let us make no mistake about one thing. There is no excuse for grumbling or complaining about any difficulty, discomfort or hardship that may be imposed upon any individual. The heroism of the Army, the Navy and the Air Force is a sufficient answer. Nothing that we may have to go through at home can compare with what those men are going through day after day and night after night.

FOCH, with almost his dying words, said that if France was in danger they should send for Weygand. When Poland was in danger in 1920 they sent for Weygand. When the Middle East was in danger in 1939 they sent for Weygand. But it does not seem to have occurred to them when France was in danger in 1939 to send for Weygand.



General Weygand, *called in, as his master and friend, Marshal Foch, had long before said he should be in an hour of danger, to save France, was photographed with M. Reynaud outside the French War Office. On May 19th, he became Chief of General Staff of National Defence, and C.-in-C. of all theatres of operations, General Gamelin's post of C.-in-C. of land forces being suppressed. General Weygand visited the B.E.F. by air a few days later, and was reported "calm, unflurried and decisive, knowing exactly what he wants and how to obtain it"*

Major-Gen. the Duke of Gloucester *came back to London from G.H.Q. in France last week on urgent duty. During his journey he spent three nights in heavily bombed areas, and both his hands were cut as a result of explosions. He and the Duchess of Gloucester stayed at Buckingham Palace during his visit, expected to be short*

The new Lord Chancellor *took the oaths of office and allegiance before Lord Chief Justice Hewart last week, in the presence of all the high judicial dignitaries at that moment in London. At the same time Sir John Simon, the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, was gazetted "by the name, style and title of Viscount Simon, of Stackpole Endor in the County of Pembroke." He succeeds Viscount Caldecote (Sir Thomas Inskip), who is now Dominions Secretary*

Now at last he has arrived to take over a desperate situation.

M. Reynaud's speech to the French Senate revealed a state of affairs for which he himself used the word "incredible." They were grotesquely incredible. The French front between Sedan and Namur was lightly held; it was poorly fortified; the few divisions which were in the line were badly trained; and above all, when the attack came, the bridges over the Meuse were not blown up. M. Reynaud said that those responsible for this blunder would be punished. I think that is perhaps an unnecessary remark. Things have got far past recriminations and punishments.

Even now, at the time of writing, the apathy or ignorance or stupidity in this country is astounding. Everywhere young men are strolling about the streets with their hands in their pockets, whistling cheerfully. Everywhere people are talking casually about plans for next week or the week after. On the night of the broadcast by the Prime Minister I went into a pub. The radio was giving the nine o'clock news. The pub was crowded, and not a soul was listening to the news. Everywhere there was cheerful chatter, darts, pin-games, and a general atmosphere of hilarity.

More than a sigh of relief was breathed when the arrest of Sir Oswald Mosley and his minions was published. In one theatre bar where the nine o'clock news was broadcast (and on this occasion listened to with considerable attention) a burst of delighted cheers followed the announcement of the Fascist round-up. Regulation 18B of the Defence Regulations as amended is extremely drastic, but the country is glad to feel that Fifth Columnists and their dupes can be and are being drastically dealt with.

The House of Commons is shaking down to its new and peculiar composition in every direction except one. All kinds of small difficulties of procedure have arisen owing to the fact that there is no longer an Opposition, but these difficulties can easily be got round. The one direction in which the House is not yet completely united behind the Government is the small section which still nurses an intense resentment at the downfall of Mr. Chamberlain. The members of this section still seem to be somewhat more interested in growling at the new Government than in opposing a united front to the enemy.

Colonel Lindbergh has made another of his broadcasts to the American people. He burst out very strongly against Americans who are concerned at the fate of neutral countries, and he maintained that Hitler's attempt to destroy Democracy in Europe was no business of the American citizen. Within twenty-four hours of the gallant Colonel's broadcast came the news that Germany was threatening Sweden. I wonder if this is of interest to Colonel Lindbergh, whose father was a Swede.

America has certainly turned over in its long sleep, and is beginning to wonder what would happen if the British Fleet did not exist. But that has not prevented them from refusing by a 12 to 1 majority in the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee to sell the U.S. Army's air fleet to the Allies in this desperate moment. American industry is to be geared up to the mass-production of aeroplanes on a gigantic scale, but obviously we cannot hope to see the results of that mass-production for many months to come. Immediate delivery of warplanes would have been a tremendous help.

Indirectly, of course, President Roosevelt is doing everything he can for the Allies. By stationing the Fleet in Hawaii he is watching the Dutch East Indies and guarding the approaches to Australia and New Zealand and Singapore. He is also bringing all his influence to bear on Mussolini to try to keep Italy neutral. And he is working night and day to speed up American output of arms. It is an extraordinarily significant proof of the change in American opinion that the Republicans, who have hitherto hated the President with a passionate hatred, have now completely swung round and aligned themselves behind him on foreign policy.

I return again to the subject of our Defeatists. They pervade the "upper classes" in London like a stinking blight. You meet them everywhere. If you say things are looking better, they reply that the Germans have only just begun. If you say that the French are magnificent, they reply that the French have no guns—or shells, or tanks, or anything else that comes into their heads. The British Army is lost every morning, according to these chicken-hearted traitors, and the war is lost every evening. They take a particular delight in trying to terrify women with their bogey-bogey poison.

Closely allied to the Defeatists are the Rumourists. Their great weapon is the telephone. They sit on the end of the wire, ringing up everyone they can think of, asking eagerly "Have you heard this?" and "Have you heard that?" They all have two things in common. They always refuse to say where they got their information, and they invariably join you in condemning people who pass on rumours. Thus, they open by asking, say, "Have you heard that Lyons has been captured?" They then say that they 've just heard it from someone whose identity they cannot reveal. They then say that people who spread rumours ought to be shot, and they ring off, to start dialling once again.

The Paper Problem

In view of the paper shortage, to make sure of your copy of the *Bystander* each week, it is essential to give your newsagent a standing order. This helps him, you and us. Thank you!

***Family life** continues for the present at Haga Castle, near Stockholm, where live Princess Sibylla and her husband, Prince Gustaf Adolf, eldest son of Sweden's Crown Prince. She is here playing happily in the nursery with her three little daughters, great-grandchildren of old King Gustaf: Princesses Birgitta, who is three, Désirée, who will be two in June, and Margaretha, aged five. Prince Gustaf Adolf, who married Princess Sibylla of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in 1932, is a grandson of the Duke of Connaught. The two elder children are wearing their Red Cross uniforms; all are keen cooks, and with heir mother's help can mix and make gingerbread*

Wing-Commander Kellett Marries an Australian Girl

Wing-Commander Richard Kellett, D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., met his bride, Dorothy Abbott, when he landed in Darwin after the record-breaking R.A.F. flight of 7162 miles from Egypt to Australia in 1938. She flew from Australia to be married to him in London last week. He is the son of the late Surgeon Rear-Admiral Kellett, and Mrs. Kellett, of Carshalton, Surrey; received his D.F.C. for heroism in the Heligoland Bight air-battle. She is the daughter of the Hon. C. L. and Mrs. Abbott, of Government House, Darwin

Lord Denbigh Marries Mrs. Fielding Johnson

The Earl of Denbigh and Mrs. Verena Barbara Fielding Johnson, of Pailton House, Rugby, widow of Lieut.-Col. Paget Fielding Johnson, were married in the Lady Chapel, Westminster Cathedral. Lord Denbigh, who is in the Coldstream Guards, succeeded his grandfather as tenth Earl last November. His father, the late Viscount Feilding, died in 1937

People in the News

Jean Batten is an Ambulance Driver

Jean Batten, the Australian airwoman, is leaving for France soon as driver of an ambulance presented by the Durham Miners' Association. This is a unit in the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps, of which Colonel J. Baldwin-Webb, shaking hands with Miss Batten here, is hon. secretary. The first section of twenty-two ambulances left for France last month. The Corps works with the French Army, in which members are enrolled, and each section will be commanded in France by a French officer

A New M.P. makes the Traditional Gesture

All new Members of Parliament on taking their seats shake hands with a House of Commons policeman. Most are photographed doing so, like Major E. G. R. Lloyd, Conservative M.P. for East Renfrew. In the by-election which followed Lord Clydesdale's succession to the Dukedom of Hamilton, Major Lloyd defeated Annie Maxton, I.L.P., James Maxton's sister, by a majority of 26,110. The I.L.P. once held this seat for two years

The Duke of Bedford's Great-Grandson is Christened

Henry Robin Ian Russell, son and heir of Lord and Lady Howland, grandson of the Marquess of Tavistock, and great-grandson of the Duke of Bedford, was christened in the Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster Abbey, last week. In the group here are Lady Daphne Russell, Lord Howland's sister and a godmother, Lord and Lady Howland, and Sir Claud Russell and Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall, godfathers. Lord Beaverbrook was also a godparent

Flagsellers at the May Fair

Evans of the Broke Speaks on Norway

Admiral Sir Edward Evans, appointed in mid-April to be Additional Naval Attaché in Norway, spoke of his experiences at the Mansion House meeting in support of King Haakon's Fund for Relief in Norway. He went through innumerable bombing raids, at one moment found himself acting as machine-gunner in a Norwegian aeroplane. With him here is Lady Evans

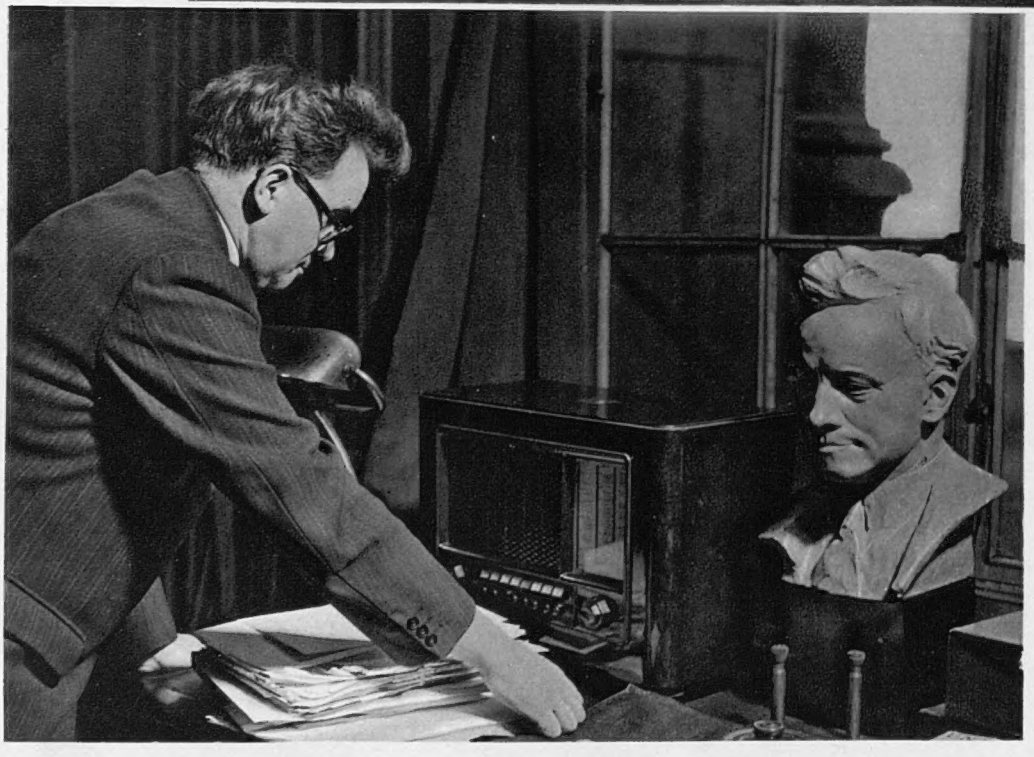
West End flag-sellers for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution last week mostly had their headquarters at the big hotels. In the May Fair company were (above, right) Anne Mackenzie, Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, and Mhari Gourlay. Miss Gourlay is engaged to Viscountess Dunsford's son, George Brodrick, who is in the Irish Guards

The flag-selling foursome setting out in Davies Street on the right were Mrs. Leonard Plugge, wife of the Member for Chatham, Lady Selsdon, her daughter, Elizabeth Loder-Johnson, Angela Williams

Flagsellers at Claridge's

Lord Moyne, chairman of the Polish Relief Fund, opened (at Selfridge's) the exhibition of photographs entitled "Poland as it was and as it is." With him here are Jadwiga Pilsudski, daughter of the Marshal Pilsudski, and Polish girls in national dress. In the Commons debate on the Colonial Development and Welfare Bill last week, it was announced that Lord Moyne would be chairman of one of the two advisory committees set up under the Bill

Lord Methuen was one of the speakers for the Chelsea War Savings Drive, was here giving a lunch-hour talk in Sloane Square from a daylight cinema-van. With him is Mrs. F. S. Hartnell, Mayor of Chelsea. Lord Methuen is in the art news this week: his exhibition of paintings and drawings at the Leicester Galleries opened with a private view yesterday (Tuesday)



Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Supply

Last Wednesday Great Britain sat down to its midday meal "a decadent democracy." A few hours later the Government, as one poster announced, controlled "everybody and everything." No totalitarian State could beat the speed with which the giant constitutional transformation of the Emergency Powers (Defence) Bill became the law of the land. Herbert Morrison, one-time errand-boy and shop assistant, and long recognised as among the ablest and most energetic of Labour leaders, thereupon became one of our democratic dictators. As Minister of Supply, he controls a considerable part of the aforementioned "everything." The motto he has chosen for himself, his Ministry, and all arms workers is "Work at War Speed"; and he made the same demand on the whole nation in his broadcast talk a week ago. Herbert Morrison, now fifty-two, has held office once before, as Minister of Transport in 1929-31, and from 1934 until last week he was Leader of the London County Council. His room at County Hall was hung with cartoons, in most of which his famous quiff of hair is prominent. The Stroebel bust on the left somewhat softens the Minister's bull-dog determination and glinting mockery

Almost Dictators : the Ministers of Supply, and Labour and National Service

Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour and National Service

"The Minister of Labour will be the controlling director of industry with authority that is absolute and unchallengeable" ("Times"). It is doubtful whether tough, thick-set Ernest Bevin has ever, through all his days as a fighting Socialist and Trade Union leader, imagined himself in a position of such astonishing power. Starting as a farm boy and tram-driver in Somerset, his life work has hitherto been the building and directing of the vast Transport and General Workers' Union, of which he became general secretary. Now every worker and potential worker, man and woman, in the country is under his control, and all industrial property too. But revolutionary as this control is, in a land where the rights of the individual and above all of the property owner have been sacrosanct, it has been freely and immediately accepted. Employers and trade unionists on the National Joint Advisory Council gave the Minister a pledge of their wholehearted co-operation while the Bill was still before the House of Commons (of which, incidentally, Mr. Bevin is not yet a Member). A more personal tribute has been paid to him by his Parliamentary Secretary. Conservative Mr. Ralph Assheton probably spoke for most of Great Britain when he said that he, as a Conservative, was "proud to be serving under so great a leader of Labour as Mr. Ernest Bevin"

Lubitsch Hero and Heroine

When Ernst Lubitsch decided he badly wanted to screen an adaptation of Nikolaus Laszlo's play *The Shop Around the Corner*, he meant to form his own company for the purpose. But he also badly wanted James *(Mr. Smith Goes to Washington)* Stewart and Margaret Sullavan as his stars. They were M.-G.-M. property, so for their sakes he abandoned his independence and signed on as producer-director. Waiting for them to finish other assignments, he produced Garbo in *Ninotchka*.

The Shop Around the Corner is a romantic little story with a Budapest setting, in which Margaret Sullavan finds time to read *Anna Karenina*, using a carnation as book-marker. Besides her and Stewart, Lubitsch's hand-picked cast includes Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, and his particular protégé, Felix Bressart—Buljarroff, the lanky Soviet envoy, in *Ninotchka*. The new film went to the Ritz, Leicester Square (because the Empire is still full of *Gone With the Wind*), last Friday

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"—and what else are you showing?"

RED EMMA GOLDMAN, once freely described by the Press boys as The Most Dangerous Woman In The World, got very brief and sketchy obituary notices, we observed. La Goldman, a Russian Jewess, had been out of the spotlight for some time, like many other elderly leading ladies, her brand of Anarchism being as obsolete nowadays as an antimacassar; and, moreover, she was tactless enough a few years ago to denounce the Soviet régime as a tyranny a hundred times worse than Tsardom, which is quite true, but got Red Emma little further. There can't be many of the old Russian Anarchists left now. They scared the whiskers off our grandfathers and made fortunes for some of our romantic booksy boys, yet how amateurish, homely, and restful their plots and bomb-throwings seem compared with the methods of a Stalin! And how zestful their romps with the cops! If you look up any Life of Lenin you will perceive that the terrible secret police of the Tsars were nothing like the Ogpu. They seem to have been mostly good-natured chaps, grossly inefficient and venal, like every other branch of the Tsarist service, not very clever, and often disinclined—either from Christian charity of the old Russian kind or natural laziness—to hound and harry their playmates overmuch. They certainly gave Slogger Lenin plenty of rope, whereas Stalin's thugs in similar circumstances would have had him jugged, third-degree'd, and wiped out almost before he could bat an eyelash. However, Red Emma Goldman never worried the Tsar's police much, most of her life's work being done in America, where she carried on the Cause after Comrade Bergman shot Andrew Carnegie's manager. She was later accused (but cleared) of complicity with Czolgosh in the shooting of President McKinley, which tragedy the American folksong or dirge celebrates with such pathos:

Mrs. McKinley, she hollered and she swore,
When they told her her good man wasn't coming home no more (etc.).

We didn't see how many lines the *Daily Worker* devoted to Red Emma's memory. Maybe that sinister Muscovite joke-sheet gave her even less space than the capitalist Press. Nobody hates and despises an Anarchist with more sectarian rancour than a Bolshevik, except a rival Anarchist.

Fish

BEACONSFIELD'S most illustrious resident, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, should be alive to meditate and comment on the story of the Fifth Column Goldfish which bobbed into the local police court recently.

In order to get his mistress into trouble with the police and spread dismay among the citizens of Beaconsfield, this goldfish deliberately hopped out of his bowl one night just at black-out time. His owner hurriedly switched on the light to hunt the floor for him, her curtains remained undrawn, the cops were alert, and it set her back ten shillings. The incident would not have given Chesterton such keen intellectual pleasure as he derived from the great Beaconsfield War Memorial affair, the preliminary discussions involving which embraced almost every topic in Heaven and earth known to the Island Mind, but he could have composed a very pretty essay on the text, full of those deep, subtle paradoxes which fools took (and take) to be merely verbal fireworks. To us the case is chiefly significant because goldfish (whom we despise) seem already to be throwing their weight about in this war, as in the last. You may or may not remember that after the 1918 Armistice some emotional auntie or other publicly suggested a memorial at Hyde Park Corner to all our dumb chums who fell in action or by experiment during the Great War—horses, pigeons, white mice, and so forth. This dainty scheme was boffed on the noggin and sunk without trace by a chap who wrote to the papers approving it in honeyed words, but suggesting instead a simple, austere but beautiful memorial to the Unknown Goldfish. And you don't need to be told by us that there were found not a few citizens of Cloud-Cuckoo Land who took this suggestion seriously.

"The Purity League want to know if you'll change it to septet, *sir"*

Purge

HOW many spotty, elegant figures in mauve and canary jumpers, glossy announcers, and tiny whiffling dons have been shot at Broadcasting House during and since the official inquiry into that recent hoax when some voice unknown rang up and caused the B.B.C. to issue a bogus announcement calling up air reservists, is not yet announced. Our information is that a reign of terror still prevails and that the Louis Quinze Rest Room on the sun-deck is full of distraught officials swooning amid masses of cut flowers and tropic blooms and awaiting their turn for the tumbril. It is difficult for the reasonable citizen not to give way to lewd mirth when the B.B.C. takes a tumble. Every monopoly ought to get a kick in the pants at regular intervals, and a monopoly like a refined, authoritative elderly spinster speaking through three thicknesses of woolly blanket needs it more than most. It 's our odious opinion that since all those admirals and generals left, the Old Joybox and Palace of Dainty

Devices is growing lax, and discipline needs restoring. Nobody wants a return to the bad old days at Portland Place, when some poor little announcer was given a rump-and-dozen on Deck G by the Master at Arms for the least slip in pronunciation, when the cells down under Deck A were crammed with Talks defaulters in irons, when half the executive boys were down with scurvy owing to defective diet, and when Field-Punishment No. 1 was rigorously administered for merely failing to salute a superior officer with alacrity; but the whole dump obviously needs pulling together. Had such an ignoble hoax occurred a few years ago the situation would have been cleared up instantly in the Cromwell manner, the chief naval or military power calling out (or whistling for) the chief dupe and shooting him dead on the spot. To-day we doubt if the Home Controller would order even a touch of strappado, still less the bastinado.

Thriller

FOR the last ten years a Malay newspaper has been doggedly serialising the Arabian Nights, and has now (we read) got about half-way through, which is about where one of our own dailies would be if it had simultaneously thought of serialising Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, which no man alive but Sir John Squire has ever read. We dare guess the stories now delighting the honest Malays are not the familiar nursery version of the good M. Galland, who carefully edited and corrected Oriental goings-on, but the purpler version translated by Dr. Mardrus, which exhales Araby with all its perfumes. About the only character in the original *Thousand Nights and One Night* who never gets involved in amorous brawling with enormous moon-eyed sweethearts, whose every charm is minutely described, is our old buddy Sindbad the Sailor, who had little time, if you remember, for such exercises, each voyage being so packed with unexpected rough stuff that he probably spent the intervals in heavy sleep.

Our own favourite yarn is the strikingly modern one about the chap who marries a sweet fragile, listless girl who appears to be ill or dieting, for at meals he can never persuade her to do more than pick languidly at a couple of grains of rice. One midnight he wakes and finds her missing, and the next night he softly tracks her to a neighbouring graveyard, where she is enjoying a hearty feast by an open grave with her fellow-ghouls, all girls together. There 's a lot of symbolism in this story, which often occurs to us when we scan photographs of the fashionable weddings. Once or twice we 've thought of rushing into St. George's or St. James's and rescuing some poor devil in the nick of time, but on second thoughts we pass on. What 's a ghoul or two signify nowadays, when chaps will even marry booksy girls?

Revolt

THAT undergraduate of Queen's who paraded the streets of Oxford the other night with two men bearing sandwich-boards inscribed "Rita Is Unfair To David," halting finally outside an hotel and chanting an ode setting forth the cruelty of the fair within, was doing the right thing at the wrong time. At any time from the dawn of the Middle Ages to the hellish beginnings of the Industrial Revolution this act of revolt and exposure of women's villainy would have been perfect in matter and in manner, except that a theorbo, a lute, or a "consort" of fiddles should have added sweet and melancholy cadences to the lover's plaint. You remember how Cyrano de Bergerac in the play borrows two pages with lutes from M. d'Assoucy to follow him round Paris for a day and discourse music at his bidding under Roxane's windows. All over Europe for many centuries the general public was invited thus, as it were, to judge whether a lovesick citizen was getting a raw deal from the beloved or whether things were all-Sir-Garnet. A rose, or an egg, thrown from a latticed balcony finally clinched the matter and the citizenry dispersed, praising or damning the hidden fair accordingly.

It was the Industrial Revolution, responsible for half our present miseries, which made the Island Race shy about making love in public like the unselfconscious Latins, and stopped its songs, not only of love but everything else. It seems incredible now to realise that right up to Victoria's reign all England resounded with glees and catches, and that even cricketers sang in chorus every evening when their noble labours were ended, their wooden jaws moving rhythmically and their long, dumb serious pans almost alive with melody, singing of the Flowing Bowl, of Love, and of War. Then laws were passed by wealthy manufacturers forbidding the Race to sing in pubs, and you can still throw a British innkeeper into agonies of terror and rage by emitting a hearty stave in the public bar. Yet (curiously enough) the police compel you under heavy penalties to sing, or make some other hideous kind of noise with an instrument, if you are miserably poor and desire to touch the hearts of the passing rich. That the dicks can sling you forthwith in the sneezer for serenading the beloved in public is also true, we fancy, the successful Oxford experiment proving nothing one way or another. It was a good shaming thing to do, and our only criticism is that so many other things of hardly less import are going on at the moment that the public is probably too distracted to form a clear judgment on the case of Rita v. David.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"We'll never win this war unless we can get some sort of unity"

Man who determines the mood of a gathering

Father

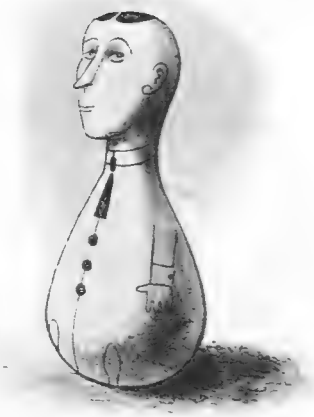
Jittery man

"About People"

By William Steig

When Steig published his book of symbolical drawings in America four well-known psychologists and an anthropologist greeted it with serious enthusiasm, and *Life* reproduced two pages of the drawings under the heading "Science." That they are meant to be taken seriously is made clear by Steig's brother, Arthur, himself a writer and artist, in his preface to *About People*. But he admits that "One of their major æsthetic elements is humour," and brilliantly if sometimes painfully funny most of these drawings are. Here are eight of them; next week we hope to reproduce a further and larger selection of the 105 pictures which later will probably be published in book form in England

Hostile personality



Affable man

Pleasant chap—but never a friend

Vindictive man

Woman desiring to attract friendship

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Garrison Theatre" (London Palladium)

IT would be well not to go to this show if you have a headache—unless you want to boast that it didn't give you one. Seldom can there have been such a continuous racket inside a theatre—blaring brass that splits the ears—super-blasting microphones calculated to take the deaf by storm—comedians roaring wisecracks above the din of battle—vocalists whose shattering voices might be relied on to leave not a petal on the Picardy roses of which they sing. The fiercer the fighting at the front, the louder the scream of the pleasure-providers at home. For my own part, I found it profoundly depressing. I think I love England—the calm, sweet, strong and abiding part of it—as well as most people. But this orgy of screeching patriotism, so pitifully easy in a make-believe theatre, is not the part of it I love. It seemed to be a most fitting occasion for the appearance of Siegfried Sassoon's tank.

EVERYWHERE in *Garrison Theatre* there are soldiers. Khaki in the box-office, khaki in the aisles, khaki on the stage, with big patriotic scenas, military and naval, girls performing manœuvres, bayonets quivering, drums beating, and jokes hurtling through the air and bursting like bombs. War, however we may hate it, is not vulgar, and the dirtiest jest seems to me cleaner than this cheap aping of it. Nor do I believe that the interests which it may seem to be devised to serve are really served, or that day-dreams of victory do anything but weaken (since they make it seem to have been accomplished) the resolution they may be supposed to strengthen. To revive *King Lear* or (though it may be far from a first-class play) *Dear Octopus* is a fortifying and essentially steadying thing to do in times of peril. To put an imitation Hitler on the stage, and to pretend that he has been humiliated before anything of the kind has taken place, is about as dignified and useful as a small boy making a long nose at a guy—the only sound managerial answer to which that I can see being that you do get a penny for the guy.

AND so, in *Garrison Theatre*, the moments I personally preferred were the rare quieter moments. As when Joe Davis, the billiards champion, demonstrates what amazing feats may be performed with a cue; or when the Seven Martinettis are at their astonishing acrobatics; or when, for one blessed moment in the middle of the piercing performance given by Billy Cotton and his Band, a member of the band plays a couple of bars on the flute, all alone, which, if intended to be comic, is certainly colossal comic relief.

In noisier vein there is something to be said for the rough and ready motoring sketch, in which it is agreeable, through the medium of Harry Tate, Junior, to renew acquaintance with the familiar accents of his famous father—a nostalgic pleasure, comparable to the singing of the old songs of our golden youth.

Wizard of Pot: Joe Davis, Snooker King

Original "Littel Gel" and Corporal, sans stripes: Joan Winters and Jack Warner

Sketches by Rouson

Three men and a car: Harry Tate, Junr., Graham Moffatt and Moore Marriott

Rhythm with a swing: Billy Cotton and Tessie O'Shea

Anthony

Barbara Mullen—"I Could Refuse to Wash Sheets?"

Barbara Mullen as Jeannie in Aimée Stuart's Cinderella play has been one of the acting sensations of the year. Her performance as the poor Scots girl who goes off to Vienna to spend the £200 her father left her, and comes back to housework and the hated sheet-washing when her money and her romance are finished, is a masterpiece of characterisation. The part could have been played in the worst Barrie tradition of sentimentality: instead Miss Mullen mixes a matter-of-fact common sense and humour with a shining life and gaiety that lights up the play as it lights up her own quaint, attractive face. Her sudden success has come after all sorts of experiences—tap-dancing in America at the age of seven, learning to act as a scholar at the Webber-Douglas School, finding herself the daughter of a suddenly famous father, the "Man of Aran," writing a book, *Life is My Adventure*, acting at the Players' Theatre, the Chesham Repertory Theatre, the little Torch Theatre. It was at the Torch that *Jeannie* was first put on and where the critics gave her "rave" notices. Now *Jeannie* is at Wyndham's, and Barbara Mullen is, cautiously, accepting offers from the film world

Films of the Day

W. C. Fields Deserves Better Material

By George Campbell

ABOUT ten years ago I saw a rather short and unimportant film—a second feature at a West End cinema—called *Running Wild*. The chief figure was W. C. Fields. He was dumpy and middle-aged, and he had a bulbous nose which you instinctively assumed to be red. He was also the embodiment of all the failures, the little men in suburban homes, bullied by the boss, henpecked by their wives, who ever lived.

His career had been strange. He was born in Philadelphia, with a drunken bully for a father, and at the age of eleven he decided to hit back. He waited behind the door with an uplifted chair, and when the fond parent returned, full of alcohol, to amuse himself by beating up the boy, he was rebuked by the falling chair. Without waiting for further argument, the boy left home, never to return. He lived by his wits, working at odd jobs when he could, begging and stealing when he couldn't. He even developed a special technique with greengrocers. They had, he found, a warning bell on the door. Young Fields taught a confederate to stand on the tram-line, until the approaching driver furiously rang his bell. Then he would open the door of the shop, help himself and make his get-away. To such training the elderly comedian attributes his early fame as a conjurer.

Conjuring—to continue the story of his life—took him into vaudeville; New York came to love his comic conjuring act and his genius for pantomime; and in due course he found himself in Hollywood. He had just established himself when producers decided that the talkies required new talent. The man whose greatest asset is his voice, as richly characteristic as Ned Sparks', was unemployed again. He offered to make some films for nothing and take a share of the profits; but the offer was refused. The moment when the same studio later wanted him to sign a fabulous contract must have been the sweetest of his life.

WELL, he became famous in talkies, and then for a long time was at death's door. When he did return to the screen, his films weren't very good. Now he is back again, and *My Little Chickadee*, with Mae West, should have been one of the film events of the year. Here again is the eternal Scaramouche, the trickster, cowardly and ridiculous, always saving himself by quick thinking and a smooth line of patter.

But a comedian is only as good as his material. Like lesser men, Mr. Fields must depend on his script—fresh touches of characterisation, ingenious gags, witty dialogue. His last two or three films were weak in all three, and in *My Little Chickadee* he is forced to repeat himself. The business with his hat, the bogus literary style, even actual phrases, such as the reference to "the Jones boys, who murdered their old mother" (a not excruciatingly funny joke at best and an echo of the line in *Poppy*: "What a beautiful day! Reminds me of the day the MacGillicuddy boys murdered their old mother with an axe")—we have had it all before, and with repetition it begins to seem a trifle flat and wordy.

THE same thing goes double for Miss West. She, too, has a strong personality, though it is one I have little difficulty in resisting. To my mind she is essentially a supporting player, as so many talented comedians are. She was superb in a comparatively small part in her first film, *Night After Night*, fully exploited her unmistakable but limited talent in *She Done Him Wrong* and *I'm No Angel*, and has been growing steadily less amusing ever since.

Most players, in such sad case, can blame the producer. Miss West can't. She once wrote a play called quite simply *Sex*, with such success that she got arrested for it. *Diamond Lil* followed, and from that time onward Miss West was convinced that nobody else could write a script for her. "It takes more than a college education to write a part for me," she once remarked. It also takes less. In *My Little Chickadee* there are a few funny lines, but the fact that the press agent singles out the question, "What sort of woman are you?", and her retort, "A pity I can't give you a sample," is an indication of the general quality.

My Little Chickadee is the tale of a card-sharper and vendor of hair-oil (W. C. Fields), his infatuation with a shady lady who has just been run out of town by the respectable citizens, their fake marriage, and his comic adventures as sheriff when he has been appointed to that office in the belief that it was he, and not his inamorata, who mowed down the Indians from the train. One of the comic high-lights is the scene where Miss West escapes from her bedroom on the bridal night, leaving a goat in her place.

"HE MARRIED HIS WIFE" is also, technically, a comedy. A silly tale of divorcees who really love each other is complicated with a Latin lover and jealousy and a crazy hostess; but not even Joel McCrea, Nancy Kelly, Cesar Romero and Mary Boland could persuade me it was funny. If you are easier to convince, then go to it, with my blessing.

West and Fields in "My Little Chickadee"

In a week of few new films "My Little Chickadee" headed the comedy field. It co-stars Mae West and W. C. Fields (as Flower Belle Lee and Cuthbert J. Twillie) in a frontier-town story of the 'eighties. The Indian, Twillie's faithful "man," is George Moran. The film, which is reviewed here, went to the Odeon ten days ago

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

" Hey, fellers! There 's a bloke 'ere wants me to mind 'is bike "

Old Bill and his creators collaborate closely on the Denham set. Morland Graham studies his part with Bruce Bairnsfather and director Ian Dalrymple, who wrote the script together

1. Between wars *Old Bill Busby has been a London taxi-driver. He and his flashy young son (John Mills) disagree: "You make me sick . . . never stick to anything, you don't. . . . Look at me . . . been in this job for twenty years"*

2. Th*has b**mother**friend*

"Old Bill and Son"

Bairnsfather's Character on the Screen

4. Bill's pals, *Alf and Bert (Gus McNaughton, Ronald Shiner), are accepted for the Army, but poor Bill is turned down as being too old. Later, however, he manages to get into the Pioneer Corps and is sent to France*

5. For a joke *that went wrong, Old Bill is transferred from the Pioneer Corps and made the Colonel's personal cook. Young Bill and his buddy, Chimp (Manning Whiley), come to scrounge food from his father*

6. Attraction *at the local estaminet is Françoise (Janine Darcey), daughter of Old Bill's former wartime pal, Gustave. Though Young Bill had an understanding with Sally at home, and Françoise has a fiancé in the Maginot Line, they can't help flirting*

The ***Busby family*** *hear on the wireless Poland been invaded: that means war. Mary Clare is the er and René Ray plays Sally, daughter of Old Bill's d who was killed in the last war, whom they have adopted*

Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoons of "Old Bill" typified the spirit of the British Tommy in the last war by bringing out the funny side of Army life even when it was grim. The "Old Bill" approach to dangers and discomforts was propaganda at its best. And now to meet the new situation that famous character has not only reappeared unlaunted, irrepressible, inimitable, in the *Bystander*, but has found a new medium in the screen. The Legeran film of *Old Bill and Son* shows two generations fighting side by side. Old Bill has a ripe and fruity interpreter in Morland Graham; Young Bill is created for the screen by John Mills. Ian (*Lion Has Wings*) Dalrymple, the director, has recruited a fine cast of supporting players. Bairnsfather, who has been consulted throughout the film's production, had refused many Hollywood offers for Old Bill, believing that such a thoroughly British character should not be transplanted. The film, made with B.E.F. co-operation and Allied support, will be shown in a month or so

3. Later. the younger generation *joins up, and Young Bill teases Sally about her uniform. "Oh, come off it—you just saw yourself as a male impersonator." "That's right," she retorts, "just about the same as you did"*

7. An E.N.S.A. *concert party, driven by Sally, is sent to the wrong camp. Stella the singer (Renee Houston) meets Old Bill, who later organises an impromptu concert for her. Sally, of course, finds her boy friend, Young Bill, again*

8. Old Bill *seeks news of his son, who fails to return from patrol. The sergeant can tell him nothing, so he and old Gustave go off to search. They find Young Bill struggling across No Man's Land with prisoners he has captured. Suddenly the bombardment intensifies; father and son jump into a shell-hole, and the film ends with a shot of the two Bills cautiously raising their heads while Old Bill delivers his classic line on the subject of that "better 'ole"*

The counter has a long rail seat on which a row of customers are usually perched. Waitresses are Miss Font, Mrs. Hill, Miss Hadleigh, Mrs. Stevens. Behind them is the secretary, Mr. Belcher. The voluntary staff come on duty about ten at a time during rush hours, from 8 p.m. onwards. Week-end evenings are particularly busy

"Are You Being Served?"

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

The kitchen is partitioned off from the former motor show-room which houses the canteen. One paid cook, Mrs. Smith (left), is on duty eight hours a day. Her helpers here are Mrs. Wedderspoon and Mrs. Hill, two of the voluntary staff

The store-room is in charge of Mrs. Hill. There is the inevitable demand for eggs and bacon, sausages and mash, but at Bristol there is also a roaring trade done in sandwiches, forty big loaves a day melting away at week-ends

No. 7. The Y.M.C.A. Canteen at Bristol

Before the war Bristol already had a magnificent £70,000 Y.M.C.A. Centre, towards which Mrs. Melville Wills gave £10,000. But even this was not enough for the wartime needs of men stationed at or near Bristol, plus those on week-end leave. The concert-hall and billiard-room sometimes housed 150 or more on improvised beds on the floor. Then the Y.M.C.A. acquired a large empty building near the station, built for a motor show-room. Here is now one of the most spacious and cheerful canteens yet covered in this series, with sleeping accommodation for 300, besides billiard-tables and the usual canteen amenities. The secretary, Mr. Belcher, has worked for the Y.M.C.A. for thirty years. He and his wife, who also helps quietly behind the scenes, now practically live at the canteen

The dormitory accommodates 300 men a night at 1s. a bed; at week-ends advance bookings are necessary to make sure of a place. Night porter Leece, on the steps, is in charge. He is a retired postman, pensioned after forty-five years' service with the G.P.O.

The scullery is invaded by a customer, Ordinary Seaman F. Hann, to help Miss Font with the potatoes. Most of the most regular clients at the Bristol canteen are sailors

Five Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Miss Anna Gibbs

Anna Patricia Gibbs, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Guy Gibbs, of Ruckley, Easton Grey, Malmesbury, and 41b, Onslow Square, S.W.3, announced her engagement in April to Rupert Edward de Zoete, Derbyshire Yeomanry (attached 12th Royal Lancers). He is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman de Zoete, of Radwell Mill House, Baldock, Herts.

Harlip

Miss Hester Parsons

Hester Clere Parsons is engaged to David H. G. Russell, R.N.V.R., youngest son of the Hon. Sir Odo and Lady Russell, of 22, Cottesmore Court, W.8, and cousin of Lord Ampthill. She is the younger daughter of the Rev. R. E. and Mrs. Parsons, of Newick Lodge, Newick, Sussex

Lenare

Miss Avril Caillard

Avril Gertrude May Caillard is engaged to John H. P. Hadden, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hadden, of Kingston Hill. She is the youngest daughter of Major Maurice Caillard, of 7, Albany Mansions, S.W.11, and the late Lady Gertrude Caillard

Miss Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton

Rosemary Julian Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, younger daughter of the late Major Charles Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, and Mrs. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, of Monzie Castle, Perthshire, and Largo House, Fife, is engaged to Flying-Officer J. H. L. (Toby) Musker, R.A.F.V.R., elder son of Major and Mrs. Herbert Musker, of Rushford Hall, Norfolk. This portrait was painted by Edith Urquhart

Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Jacqueline Vereker

Jacqueline Corinne Yvonne Vereker announced her engagement in April to Captain William Sidney, Grenadier Guards, only son of the Hon. William and Mrs. Sidney, of 40, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1, and nephew of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley. She is the only daughter of General Viscount Gort, V.C., Commander-in-Chief of the British Field Force

Two Dancers at Home

The London Ballet, of which Peggy van Praagh and Maude Lloyd are leading members, began a short season at the Arts Theatre on May 16th. A slight but attractive ballet by a new choregrapher, Charlotte Bidmead (a London Ballet dancer), was put into the repertoire—*Love in Idleness*, music by Purcell, decor by John Guthrie. Last Thursday, Andrée Howard's new work, *La Fête Etrange*, to Fauré music, and with decor by Sophie Fedorovitch, was given its premiere. Andrée Howard has only recently rejoined the London Ballet after working for some time with Anthony Tudor in America

Peggy van Praagh Lives in Hampstead

Peggy van Praagh has been dancing since she was four, made her first public and professional appearance aged five at the Pavilion, Torquay, in one performance with a pierrot troupe. She trained with Margaret Craske, joined the Ballet Rambert in 1933, and two years later went on to the London Ballet group which Anthony Tudor had just formed, with headquarters at Toynbee Hall. She is a talented and extremely hard-working dancer, serious not only in her preference for serious rather than light roles, but in her whole attitude to ballet

Dancer Resting

Maude Lloyd is now a leading dancer and co-deputy director, with Peggy van Praagh, of Anthony Tudor's London Ballet. She made her name as a Ballet Club dancer, was with the Markova-Dolin company, and did an American tour with Tudor. Her cool, graceful dancing has also been seen by the non-ballet public in musical comedies and revues. Last summer she married Nigel Gosling, who is an artist and painter, and a cousin of Lord Lothian, the British Ambassador in America. He has published a novel, "Thicker than Water," and is working on a new book now. The Goslings' flat is decorated with his paintings and caricatures, and, when she is not at the theatre, he makes good use of his attractive wife as model

Maude Lloyd and Her Artist Husband Live in Eccleston Square

Roman Jasinsky—drawing of a Polish dancer by Kay Ambrose

Margot Fonteyn in "Apparitions" by Theyre Lee-Elliott

"Ballet—To Poland"

"A Gala Performance in Aid of the Polish Relief Fund"

In "Ballet—To Poland" Arnold Haskell as maitre de ballet has compiled an extremely fine addition to the balletomane's library, as well as making a noble gesture (and enabling others to do likewise) to the Polish Relief Fund. Contributors include John Masefield, Sacheverell Sitwell, W. J. Turner, Matilde Kschesinska, Adeline Genée, Ninette de Valois. A chronology of ballet in England from 1910-40 by Philip Richardson makes it, as the editor points out, "indispensable as a book of reference, so that beauty and utility go hand in hand." The illustrations are by many artists (including Pavlova) besides those whose work is reproduced here. Kay Ambrose contributes delightful end-papers and decorations to almost every other page, besides her "Overheard at the Ballet" drawings. In the photographic section appears the ballet, Polish, Russian, British, as seen by Gordon Anthony, Merlyn Severn and Baron. The book is published by A. and C. Black, for 12s. 6d., plus an edition de luxe of 100 copies at two guineas each, and 25 special copies de luxe at five guineas each

"I always heard dancers had thick skins, but surely that must be painful?" (Overheard at the Ballet, by Kay Ambrose)

Black Queen in "Checkmate," a costume design by E. McKnight Kauffer

"The Legend of Cracow"—a photograph of Nijinska's ballet as performed by the Polish Ballet in London in 1937-8

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Diddling the Censor

By V. S. Pritchett

Censorship is a moody animal, and in Germany the job of trying to straighten the nose, peroxide the hair and generally to keep German literature blonde and brutal must become disheartening. Is Dr. Goebbels asleep? Is he exhausted that he allows Hans Fallada to get away with his novels? Or has the Doctor been obliged to turn a blind eye to Hans Fallada in order to be able to say that one writer of standing is left inside Nazi territory? *Iron Gustav* (Putnam; 10s. 6d.), published in Germany in 1938, is at any rate a surprising book, and must have given pleasure to those Germans who dislike parade-ground ethics and see nothing but material and spiritual disaster in war:

"Just because you 're gloomy, drab and dull" [cries the French dancer to her German gigolo after one of the inflation riots], "you hate brightness, gaiety and laughter. You 'd like to make the whole world as gloomy and drab as yourselves. You Germans—all you love is Death. You 're always talking about it: one must know how to die—you are always saying that. You fools, anyone can die! One must learn how to live. . . . That 's the reason why you started this war, because you hate laughter, you hate life—but you lost the war!"

But even more pleasure must have been given to anti-Nazi Germans by the inner implications of Hans Fallada's story, though I must say that its moral strikes me as being forced.

Gustav is an old Berlin cab-owner who, brought up in Imperial Germany, tries to be the Bismarck to his family, a man of considerably more blood than iron. He is an ex-sergeant-major, honest and upright but impossibly rigid and a blind tyrant. His cabs are being ousted by motor-cars; his children are rebelling against him. They loathe his discipline. The war makes the break, and from those days onwards until the eve of the Nazi régime one sees Gustav's children going to the dogs. His favourite son, Erich, begins by robbing the till and ends as one of the more spacious frauds of the inflation; little Eva takes to prostitution and crime as a duck to water; Sophy is a success as a female sergeant-major of the hospitals, and, as an embittered old nurse, she throws her father over. Otto, the weakling, becomes a hero in France almost solely because he is terrified of surviving and going home to tell his father he is living with a girl and has a child by her. But Heinz is the real victim of Gustav's Germany—"What we want is discipline—a war"—for his life is wrecked by unemployment afterwards. Despotism corrupts. It turns old Gustav into a museum-piece—a night's front-page story for everyone to laugh at.

Cabs suggest Dickens, and Gustav is an authentic, tender, Teutonic echo in the sordid, sentimental manner. Hans Fallada slips it all across by writing with old-fashioned kindliness, altering party labels and putting the tale well into the past. It is not one of his best books. But he is a good handler of a big canvas. His translator has been unkind to the dialogue. Why Cockney?

"The Stove, Fitzroy Street"; by Duncan Grant

Duncan Grant's oil is in the collection of contemporary British works which were to have been sent by the British Council to the International Exhibition in Venice, and which are now on show at the Wallace Collection, Manchester Square, reopened for the occasion. Grant himself is showing some forty drawings and sketches at the Calmann Gallery, St. James's, including two pencil drawings dated 1903

"Harvest" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.) is one of M. Giono's extraordinary poetic folk-songs about the virile delights of the Alpes Maritimes. "Homeric," the French reviewers call him. I must have another look at my Homer. He has, indeed, the Midi's passion for the outsize and passing wonderful; and he conveys, with occasional absurdity, the physical joy of living. I have heard it said that he has a weakness for "strength through joy"—so had our own D. H. Lawrence. *Harvest* is, nevertheless, a fine pæan to the human animal, and it contains an excellent description of a ruined and abandoned mountain village. In its mad solitude among the winds and the creaking doors and broken windows a young giant still hangs on. Eventually, he is saved from becoming a solitary sadist—the drawback of "strength through joy"—by the appearance of a knife-grinder's woman whom he takes on. They reclaim the deserted lands. It is like a psalm of thanksgiving. M. Giono begins with the derelict and pawky peasant and ends by re-creating the god in him, and he does this with a passionate and poetic realism. His senses are wonderfully alive. His metaphors run to the picturesque, but their wildness does catch the wildness of nature:

The young sun made his way knee-deep in the grass. The wind scattered the dew like a lively colt. It sent up flights of birds which swam for awhile the waves of the sky as if drunk and dizzy from screaming, and then suddenly dropped like a handful of stones.

Tenderness in horror, fruitfulness in ecstasy—those are M. Giono's happy qualities. Those who like the Welsh wizards and the Connemara liars should move on to this French Lawrence who has never known the Wesleyan chapel.

I find I prefer Miss Margaret Irwin's historical short stories to her modern ones; history gives her love of the allusive something to bite on. The title story in *Mrs. Oliver Cromwell* (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.) shows her at her best. Here one sees the Protector's family enjoying place and power a little indecently, and poor Mrs. Oliver, stout and not at all happy in her unaccustomed grandeur. She has the middle-aged woman's doubt: has she anything to give her husband now? His favourite daughter, the one who shocks his tortured conscience and riddles his principles, has obviously supplanted the wife. Betty has that defensive wit, that nervous malice of temperament which make the characteristic Margaret Irwin heroine:

Oliver himself declared he minded far more when the pack of wild reindeer collected so carefully for him by the young Queen Christina of Sweden, to give a new zest to his hunting, was inadvertently devoured by wolves before starting for England.

"Our dear dad is unlucky with royalty," Betty had said in her wicked way. "Perhaps it is no wonder."

Among the modern stories there are some amusing Irish anecdotes. A doctor called to the bed of a governess who says she is going to stay there until she is paid £10 arrears of wages, replies, "Move over: she owes me thirty." *I See You* is an excursion into the Maugham country with a chilly young woman who is going to be cured of gambling. Miss Irwin is a sensitive embroiderer of surfaces and attitudes, with a scratch from her needle every now and then.

Mr. Cedric Salter's *Flight from Poland* (Faber; 7s. 6d.) is an able and lively account of his experiences in Poland just before and during the war and afterwards in the Balkans and Turkey. He managed to get some laughs and some information as well as horror. He rescued some Polish aristocrats and smuggled them into Rumania. Here is *The Times* correspondent:

He was a tall, thin man wearing horn-rimmed spectacles and his hair long. [Then he added the following]: a loose bow tie, riding breeches and boots, a black trench coat upon which were sewed two Union Jacks and in Tory blue the magic words, "*The Times*, London." The whole was surmounted by an Alaskan trapper's fur cap with ear-pieces to protect him from the summer sun.

Heil!

Night and Day

Friends on service will welcome these two suggestions from Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly. The pigskin writing-case (47s. 6d.) has a sliding fastener all round and folds up especially flat. So does the pigskin wallet, with silver-gilt corners, which costs 27s. 6d. Both are practical presents that will be useful for years

Stripes are cleverly used to give a slim line to this coat and skirt from Burberry's, in the Haymarket. It has the new longer type of jacket, fitting closely over the hips and buttoning right up to the collar. This is a suit for town or country, since the pleated skirt allows plenty of room for walking

If you are planning your trousseau on a wartime budget, look for nightgowns in British Celanese materials. The one on the left has a flaring skirt made of their crêpe satin, with an embroidered top in "Celanese" ninon. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have it, and also a dramatic teagown in one of their white matt fabrics, cut like a monk's robe

The individualist climbed to his favourite haunt, an outcrop of rocks on the steep hillside

"Bystander" Short Story

Faint Heart . . .

By Martin Hawkin : *Illustration by Stocks May*

After a cold night, the valley basked in sunshine. Everywhere there was activity. Smoke rose from behind the little wooden houses, where the men lined up with their mess-tins for their breakfast of "M. and V." ration, biscuits and tea. Some hardy ones, stripped entirely, stood beneath the cascade of water that fell from the melting snow above. Others, their steel mirrors hung on twigs, shaved by the small pools lower down the watercourse. Out in the glistening fjord, a sloop cruised slowly up and down, listening to the sky.

Beyond the hill-spur, a light pall of smoke hung still, marking the smouldering results of last night's bombardment.

Platoon Sergeant-Major Turtle sat on the stone steps outside his billet, smoking a 'Frisco cigarette with his second mug of tea. His red face was puckered. He watched the men cleaning their knives and forks with wisps of hay, standing or lying in groups, sewing buttons, lazing. This was the fourth day that the platoon had lounged round without a scrap of routine, and it was bad for discipline. The men were calling their N.C.O.s "Mate," were even omitting his "Sir."

When P.S.M. Turtle thought of home, he thought of spit and polish and blanco, of Aldershot. He hated war. It disorganised the Army so.

"What about a kit parade, sir?" he suggested to the Platoon Commander. "The men are getting slack."

Second-Lieutenant Venables was smoking a "Gold Flake" with his second mugful of tea. He looked up from the snapshot album he had found in the abandoned house, came back from the bathing and ski-ing groups of those unknown smiling civilians to the red face of his warrant officer.

"Don't the air raids keep them on the run quite enough, Serjeant-major?"

"Well, sir, how I see it is this: Jerry never bombs this end of the valley, he always goes for the town. So why should the men spend the whole day doing nothing but lying in the woods? We shan't be able to do anything with them when we go up the line."

"I should have thought a rest from routine would have done them good," said Venables.

"Not even a rifle inspection, sir? Must see the arms is in good condition."

"Quite right. Well, have a rifle inspection, then. But keep them drawn up near to cover."

"And how about a little run round the valley, or some bayonet-drill?"

"No," said the Lieutenant. "You must remember we aren't at depot any more. But I tell you what: if the men are keen for something organised, you can arrange a voluntary run—try a paper-chase—this afternoon. Or anything else you please—but voluntary, do you understand?"

"Very good, sir." Turtle put his own construction on "voluntary." He had met voluntary things in the Army before—inoculations, sports fund levies, and so on.

The last man to be rounded up for rifle inspection was Crabbe. He was found sitting on the ledge of the mountain with a book of French verse.

"You would be the last, Crabbe," roared Turtle, as the youth took his place as blank file in the ranks. "Put that mucking book in your pocket, and if your mucking rifle 's dirty, I 'll bleeding-well kill you!"

But Crabbe's rifle was found to be immaculate.

"Now, men," said Turtle, after the inspection, "I have received instructions to give you voluntary bayonet-practice. Platoon will parade at fourteen hours with webbing equipment, not including pack or haversack. Steel helmets will be worn. As the parade is voluntary, I am offering a prize of fifty cigarettes or a bar of choc'lit for the best man."

"Choc'lit? Where the 'ell d 'e get that?" murmured the men, for this commodity was at an immense premium.

"Volunteers for filling sacks and erecting stands, fall out and—— As you were! Platoon—dismiss! Take cover!" There was a rush for the shallow cellar as the drone in the sky increased in volume. P.S.M. Turtle stood at the doorway and watched the single Junkers advance through the shining blue. Dwarfing the mountains with its height, its camouflaged wings pale in the sunlight, like a moth's, it crept across the heaven.

The hush was broken by the sloop's guns, and as the shells swished up through the air, the sound of their progress echoed from the mountain faces like the sound of a finger drawn quickly through the bathwater. Then came faint "pouffs!" as they exploded, and four little grey plumes appeared far below the Junkers. A minute later, some fragments tinkled and clattered down through the trees. P.S.M. Turtle shook his fist and retired, as the "tack-tack" of the bomber's machine-guns came muffled through the atmosphere.

At last came the sound that the valley was waiting for, the whine as the bombs swooped. In thirty cellars, in hollows, and under trees, men crouched a little lower, closed their eyes, put their fingers to their ears. A conglomerate punch made of six thuds struck the earth and shook the air and echoed away up the valley. . . .

The parade for bayonet-practice was drawn

(Concluded on page 280)

Stormtroop-Leader Fritz Gerte (Marius Goring) tries unsuccessfully to intimidate Pastor Hall (Wilfrid Lawson)

"Pastor Hall"

An Epic of Courage

Inspired by Pastor Niemoller's life-story and based on Ernst Toller's play, this British film shows the tragedy brought to a German village by the Nazi régime. The local pastor, brave enough to make a stand, is thrown into a concentration camp. His friends rescue him, but while they are planning to send him to America, the pastor feels compelled to return to his church to deliver a final denunciation of National Socialism. Stormtroopers surround the church, and his sermon finished, Pastor Hall walks to the door and to death. Wilfrid Lawson's performance in the name-part is deeply moving. The film, produced and directed by John and Roy Boulting, is admirably cast. Now at the Carlton

The Pastor finds a protector in his old friend General von Grötjahn (Seymour Hicks). Looking on are the General's son, Wernher (Brian Worth), and his fiancée, the Pastor's daughter (Nova Pilbeam)

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Andreae — Alleyn

Lieut. H. K. Andreae, R.N.V.R., and Clodagh Alleyn were married at Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street. His parents are H. A. Andreae, of Moundsmere Manor, Basingstoke, Hants., and Mrs. C. C. Andreae; hers are H. M. Alleyn and Mrs. Alleyn, of Button Juggs, Henley-on-Thames

Maxwell — Bellville

Eustace Maxwell, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, married Dorothy Vivien Bellville at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the son of the late Lt.-Col. Aymer Maxwell, and Lady Mary Maxwell, of House of Elrig, Port William, Wigtown; she is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. George Bellville, of Fermyn Woods Hall, Brigstock, Northants.

Molteno — Pigot

Second-Lieut. Donald Ian Molteno, Black Watch, only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Molteno, of Glenlyon House, Aberfeldy, Perthshire, and Margot Pigot, eldest of the three daughters of Brig.-Gen. Sir Robert Pigot, Bt., and Lady Pigot, of Old Chesthill, Glenlyon, were married at Fortingall, Perthshire

Pemberton-Piggott — Tallents

Alan Desmond Frederick Pemberton-Piggott, Royal Artillery, son of Brigadier A. J. K. Pemberton-Piggott, and Miranda Caroline Tallents, daughter of Sir Stephen and Lady Tallents, of St. John's Jerusalem, Sutton-at-Hone, Kent, were married at St. John the Baptist's, Sutton-at-Hone. Sir Stephen Tallents is Public Relations Officer to the B.B.C. Miss Tallents wore her mother's wedding dress

Hodge — Macklin

Peter R. Hodge, Royal Artillery, married Mia Macklin, of skating fame, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Noel Macklin, of Fairmile, Cobham, Surrey, at St. Mary's, Stoke D'Abernon, Surrey. He is the son of Sir Rowland Hodge, Bt., Tyneside shipbuilder, and Lady Hodge, of Chipstead, Churt, Surrey

Hastings — Wrey

David Cecil Patrick Hastings married Ginie Wrey at Beaulieu Abbey, Hants. He is the younger son of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and Lady Hastings, of Thurston Hall, Framfield, Sussex, and she is the younger daughter of Commander and Mrs. E. C. Wrey, of Boarmans, Beaulieu

(Concluded on page 276)

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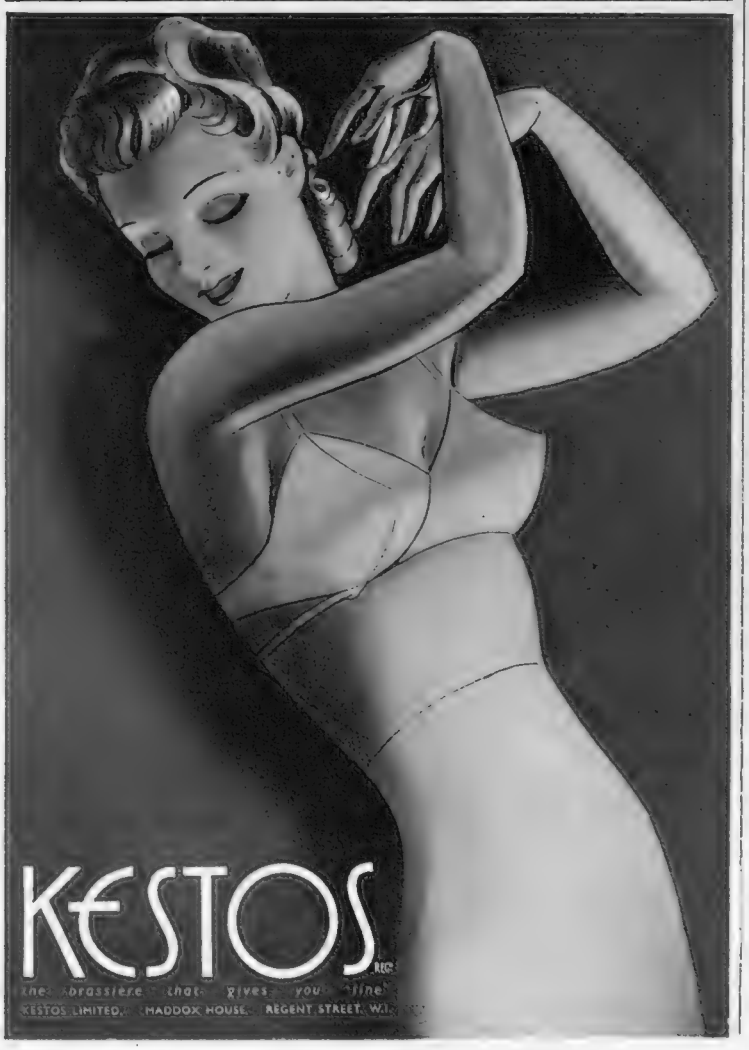

Getting Married *(Continued from page 274)*

Barclay — Slade

Stephen Barclay, Westminster Dragoons, and Patricia Slade were married at Brenchley, Kent. He is the second son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Barclay, of Bury Hill, Dorking, Surrey. She is the younger daughter of the late George Slade, and Mrs. Slade, of Monckton's, Brenchley, Kent

Attenborough — Bullock

Sec.-Lieut. Brian Temple Attenborough, 8th Hussars, second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Attenborough, of the Old Barn, Stanmore, Middlesex, was married at St. Lawrence's, Chobham, Surrey, to Jane Alderson Bullock, only child of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Bullock, of Burrow Hill Farm, Chobham

Townsend — Heymann

Edward Walter Townsend, Royal Signals, son of Professor and Mrs. J. S. Townsend of 55, Banbury Road, Oxford, and Mary Euphemia Heymann, only child of Brigadier and Mrs. F. A. Heymann, of Newton-le-Willows Hall, Bedale, Yorks. were married at St. Gregory's Bedale

Ashton — Wright

Lieut. Peter Cherry Ashton and Evelyn Mary Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wright, of Penley Grange, Stokenchurch, Bucks., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, of Claggers, Reigate, Surrey, and nephew of Apsley Cherry-Garrard, the explorer-author

Willis — Thurlow

Henry George Willis, second son of the late David Willis, and Mrs. Willis, of Fourfield Close, Headley, Surrey, was married to Nancy Katharine Thurlow, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Guy Thurlow, of Wasing Old Rectory, Aldermaston, Berks., at St. Nicholas', Wasing

Evers — Marriott

Sec.-Lieut. Ralph D. M. Evers, Worcestershire Regiment, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Evers, of Rockmount, Stourbridge, Worcs., and Joy Marriott, daughter of the late Henry Owen Marriott, and Mrs. Marriott, of the Mount House, Whitney, Oxon., were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Massy-Beresford — Markstein

Sec.-Lieut. Desmond George Massy-Beresford, son of the late J. G. B. Massy-Beresford, and the Hon. Mrs. Massy-Beresford (whose home was Campo dei Fiori, Rapallo, Italy, now living in London) and a cousin of Lord Dunleath, and Alicia Markstein, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Felix Markstein, were married at St. Michael and All Angels, Highclere, Berks.

Roscoe — Todd

Edward John Townsend Roscoe, Queen's Royal Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Roscoe, of Clifton Manor, Warwickshire, and 15, Kensington Gate, W., and Jean Mary Todd, youngest daughter of W. H. Todd, of 98, Woodstock Road, W., and Mrs. A. M. Todd, of Holton House, Paxford, and 12, Park Crescent Mews, W., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Symington — Markham Lee

Sec.-Lieut. Ian W. A. Symington, son of the late Andrew Symington and of Mrs. Symington, of 47, Bramham Gardens, S.W.5, and Elsa M. Markham Lee had their wedding at Chelsea Old Church. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. Markham Lee, of Westward Ho, Devon

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Motoring Commentary

Our Precious Petrol: By "Spare Wheel"

WITHOUT being an alarmist, I think we must all realise the possibility that our petrol rations, meagre as they are, may be cut down sooner or later. At any rate, you may take it for certain that they won't be increased. Also that under no pretext will there be extra petrol allowed for holidays. Two attempts to soften the hard hearts at the Mines Department were politely but firmly repelled.

A straightforward request for enough for 300 miles as a holiday ration was simply answered by the statement that it would mean about 25,000,000 gallons—not to be thought of, even before real war started. So a more subtle approach was tried. Could not the basic ration coupons be undated during the summer months, so that their holder might save up for his holiday? The reply was in effect: Sorry, it would mean an uncontrolled liability too large to be safe; the civilian demand must be kept as even and regular as possible.

So the only legitimate saving-up that can be done is to draw, say, your June rations in your tank, and go away towards the end of July so that you can have the August ration for the return journey. There is nothing wrong or unpatriotic about that. It has been made quite clear that the basic rations are ours to use as we think fit.

STILL, with every care, basic rations don't go far, and there is now the chance that they may shrink, so economy methods deserve renewed study. As regards pool petrol and its shortcomings, the best tip I have heard yet is to reduce the contact-breaker gap, which is normally ·018 of an inch to ·010 inch. I am not making any extravagant claims for bigger m.p.g. as a result, but it gives decidedly smoother and quieter running and less pinking, and pinking has, of course, a direct connection with poor m.p.g. I give a good mark to the *Autocar* for that simple but effective suggestion.

In spite of it and other attentions to my car I am still getting so much the worst of the deal with the ration scale that other expedients have had to be adopted. (I am in any case at the "wrong" end of my class and could never in my wildest dreams hope for the 200 miles per month the basic ration is alleged to furnish; actually I barely get half that distance.) The most promising avenue I am exploring is that of coasting. A little instrument known as the Tapley performance meter put me on the track. Mounted on the dash under my eye, it tells me as I go what pull the engine is exerting. I had not had it in action long before I was struck by the fact that for long stretches on a level road the engine was doing no pulling at all and that again and again in traffic or whenever there were checks the engine was acting as a brake. I had never realised how much braking we do with the engine in normal driving.

Well, feeding the engine with petrol when it has no real work to do is obviously waste, and even more so is using the engine as a brake, sucking away at the carburettor to reduce speed, when we have perfectly good foot- and hand-brakes to do the job. Since the war I have regularly coasted when the road suggested it. Now I am going a good deal farther. I coast whenever it is reasonably possible, and the more I try, the more I find I can coast without much loss of speed.

THE traffic lights, for instance. Since they were masked I have regularly coasted up to the point where I could tell whether I could carry on or must brake to a stop; if all was well, top could be re-engaged and no time lost. Now by trial and error I am finding that I can slip out of gear farther and farther away from the crossing, and still have such impetus that speed has not noticeably dropped by the time I am screwing up my eyes to detect which signal is showing.

Similarly with roundabouts. Long before I would normally lift my foot preparatory to changing down to third I slip into neutral. Exactly how long before depends upon the speed of approach; the aim is to take the turn at 30 m.p.h. (which is the maximum without excessive tyre strain) and re-engage top just as I swing left again on the far side. This gives a swift and smooth manœuvre, not quite as fast, of course, as if the engine were pulling round the bends, but there is no heavy braking and no heavy acceleration into the straight, both of which would swallow petrol, but instead an engine quietly idling throughout the whole procedure up to the last moment.

It is just the same with all checks that can be foreseen in time. Declutch or get into neutral well in advance, and if you experiment you will be surprised how slow your car is (if running freely as it should) to lose speed and how much more than you thought you can spare your engine—and petrol. Of course, if you are the owner of a Rover you should have discovered all this long ago and be now benefiting by it. But I am inclined to believe that it goes a bit farther than merely lifting one's foot and free-wheeling when possible. My little experiments confirm the advice of the Rover engineers that the most economical driving method is in bursts of alternate speed and free-wheeling—work gradually up to 45 or 50 and then use your impetus, re-engaging top at 30. I have not had time yet to measure what I gain by this new way of driving as most of my petrol goes (far too rapidly) in taxi work, but I do know that when I get a straightforward journey my m.p.g. is quite 25 per cent better.

Tanks and transport equipment in France mean huge orders in England. With Mr. R. A. Riddles, Brig. J. P. Greig, Mr. A. J. Boyd (managing director, Metropolitan-Cammell Carriage and Wagon Company, Ltd.), Mr. Peter Bennett (Director-General of Tanks and Transport, Ministry of Supply) (extreme right) took delivery of the first train-load of fifty French-type 20-ton covered goods wagons, for B.E.F. use. He congratulated the workers on their speed; by following metric measurements, repairs in France will be simplified

***Anti-tank** precautions were inspected at Aldershot by members of the delegation of Turkish deputies (including two former Ministers) and distinguished journalists recently visiting England as guests of the British Council, to see for themselves the progress of our war effort. While at Aldershot they also saw many phases in the training of Home and Canadian troops, witnessed a demonstration of pontoon-bridge making, and watched an armoured regiment carry out reconnaissances with aircraft assistance. The party was accompanied by Colonel Erdelhun (left), Turkish Military Attaché*

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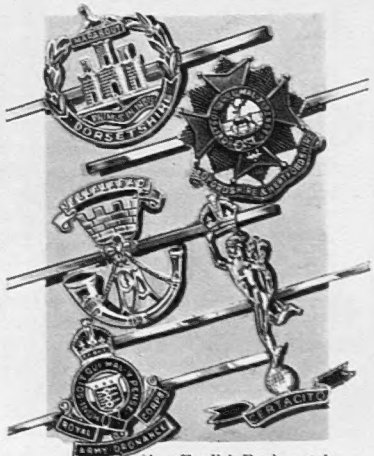

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Girls Again

DREAMS are supposed to go by contraries. So, if I had been giving serious thought to the matter it might have been apparent to me the other night, when I had a mild nightmare about the Girls' Championship, that good news about the youngest golfers would greet us before long. The dream was distressing. The strange, hilly, unattractive course, where the first match in the Girls' Championship was about to begin; the official starter in a tin hat; the fact that I knew the name of neither of the two girls on the tee and that no arrangement had been attempted for reporting the event in the *Daily Telegraph*, was all rather upsetting. Worse still were two shocking drives.

At the time, I imagined the dream had some connection with the news that Miss Beryl Pockett, who holds a commission in the W.A.A.F., was engaged to an airman; that Miss Mary Cowan's wedding was postponed owing to cancellation of leave, and hopes that Miss Jessie Anderson's fiancé would get his in time for their June wedding.

BUT not a bit of it. The real news was that the board at Birkdale, where a hundred players had entered for the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund competition, was to be swept clean by Miss Joan Pemberton, who is already one of the shining lights lit by BYSTANDER Girls' Championships, and Miss Frances Stephens, who is young enough to have good chances of becoming one too, even if it takes us longer than we hope to get back to such things.

Miss Pemberton has played no serious golf since last summer, but the only slip to be found in a round of 74, two below the scratch score of the course, was three putts once. She had a couple of 2's, one at the fourth—the hole that lies under the site of the old original clubhouse—and another at the seventeenth, the one down from the sandhills into a narrow green before the course turns right-handed towards the present clubhouse. A 2 at such a moment is a sure sign of steady nerves and good golf; when you have such a card as that behind you it is perilously easy neither to put the tee shot near the pin, nor, if you do, to sink the putt. Miss Pemberton did both.

Joan Pemberton

Won the "Daily Sketch" War Relief Fund competition at Birkdale with a score of 74, two below the scratch score of the course. (Miss Helme deals with the competition on this page.) Joan Pemberton was runner-up in the "Bystander" Girls' Championship of 1938

It was in 1935 that she first sprang into the limelight, running up, quite unexpectedly, to Miss Peggy Falkner in the Girls'. That was a long-drawn-out battle, lasting to the eighteenth green. In 1938 Miss Pemberton came to Stoke after being ill, and though she gradually played herself in during the week, she could not stand up to the whirlwind of long putts and all-round excellence of Miss Sheila Stroyan, though she hung on bravely to the fifteenth. The beauty of her golf lies in her short game, one reason why she is a supremely good foursome player, witness a daring attempt made by her and Miss Jessie Anderson on the Ranelagh Foursomes, and an even more successful one in partnership with Miss Stroyan in the Wentworth match-play foursomes, which they won.

THE silver division handicap prize went to the fifteen-year-old Frances Stephens, of Bootle, not to be confused with Diana Stephens, from Burhill. Frances had no luck in her first venture at Stoke Poges in 1938; Elizabeth Cross carried too many years and guns for her, but it was not only the possession of a long pigtail which signalled her out there so much as a very excellent swing. At Birkdale she returned 89−15=74, and so had the distinction of winning the silver division with a lower net score than the bronze winner achieved, as Mrs. Derbyshire of Mere filled that place with a net 75.

YOUTH certainly will be served, especially in times like these. Since scratch honours at the *Daily Sketch's* southern meeting went to Maureen Ruttle, three years junior to Miss Pemberton, the talk is that a match should be played off between the two. If it is going to attract enough spectators to swell the War Relief Fund, well and good. But if not—well, it costs money and energy, and at the moment it is difficult not to feel it extraordinarily unimportant, to say the least, whether two young girls should travel some hundred miles to play each other. No disparagement is meant to the idea, or the players, who both, according to their age, may be doing their utmost for the country's service.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Faint Heart . . .

(Continued from page 272)

up after lunch. "Now then, you boys," said Turtle, "don't think you're going to be lounging around here all the time. You'll be up the valley and at grips with Jerry before you know where you are. It won't be sacks you'll be sticking your bayonets into then, and I for one am looking forward to that day. Sawdust's all very well, but . . ." His audience grinned appreciatively. "I remember my old Dad telling me—— Here, Crabbe, what the bloody hell are you looking so sour about? Fall out, will you!"

The P.S.M. walked round the tall youth, the latter never blinking, but fixing his eyes on the white peak beyond the red face.

"Draw your bayonet!"

Eighteen inches of steel flashed into the sun.

"H'm, could be cleaner. . . . Now, Crabbe, I know you hate war, but show me what you'd do if you saw a Jerry behind that bush."

"Excuse me, sir, but I'm not coming on this parade."

There was a silence as expectant as that before the bombs' impact. But the P.S.M. contained himself, sensing danger. "You're not what?" he said.

"I understood it was voluntary, sir."

And five minutes later, Crabbe still held his foolhardy position. The company was marched off to a neighbouring field, and the individualist climbed to his favourite haunt, an outcrop of rocks on the steep hillside where the stream flashed by. From below floated up hoarse cries: "On guard!" "Short point!" "Pull it out quicker, or I'll mucking kill you!"

"I'm afraid I shan't ever make a good soldier," thought Crabbe, as he opened his book. . . .

"THEY don't expect us over in the afternoon," Captain Grah had said, "because there's usually a fighter patrol out. But we've drawn that by an attack on a convoy. So it's the job of you six crews to make a mess of that road up the valley. You're all on your first job, and it's an easy one. There'll be very little opposition. Now, is that understood? Bombs on the road, machine-gunning of personnel and transport up to the time-limit after. If you can get some of those houses with incendiaries, so much the better. They're all full of English."

"And here we are," thought Rudi. The fjord glittered 20,000 feet below him as he had seen it a hundred times on the plasticine replica at base. This raid had been perfectly rehearsed; nothing could go wrong. Helmut had already turned off, was going for the road-bridge higher up the valley. Walthi and Klaus were after the sloop. Franz and Werner climbed to watch for any opposition. And he, Rudi, was almost over the valley where he must shower death.

As the pilot lost altitude, Rudi could already see tiny dots moving to the houses, here and there a pale face turned upwards. The valley was full of men, he knew, and as the houses lined the road so close, you could get two birds with one stone. He heard the after machine-gun give a burst. All was still below, now. Men were probably lying there in the open, he knew from experience, perhaps a whole company, but it was impossible to see them.

As the Junkers banked to turn, Rudi could see the flashes from the sloop's guns as she pounded at Walthi and Klaus. . . . Now they were flying up the side of the valley to turn into line for the bombing run. Something of the expectancy of the place caught Rudi, as if he could see the tense faces below him. And for the first time since he was thirteen, his whole being shook with the passionate revolt that had been his in childhood, shook with the word he thought he had unlearnt: "Why?" Through his sights he saw an outcrop of rocks on the steep hillside where the stream flashed by, and he pulled the release levers. . . . The valley breathed deep again as it heard the six bombs crash uselessly into a waste spot.

"I'm afraid I shan't ever make a good soldier," Rudi thought. [THE END.

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WHEN YOU WAKE WITH A HEAD LIKE LEAD

You can't help waking *sometimes* with a headache. There are lots of things can make you feel below par. Overwork, worry, stuffy rooms, smoking, eating or drinking too much—all these cause what doctors call an " acid condition."

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